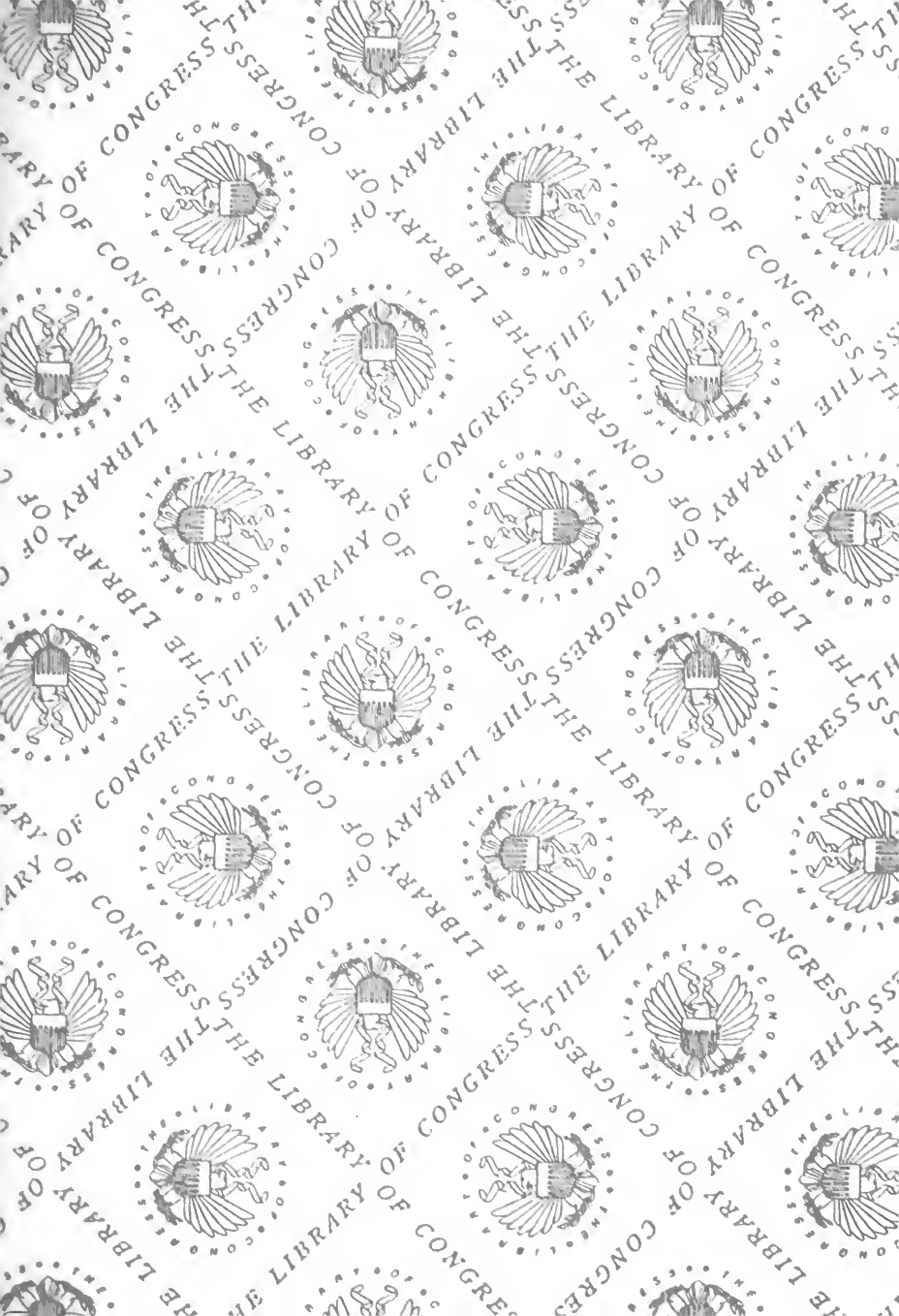


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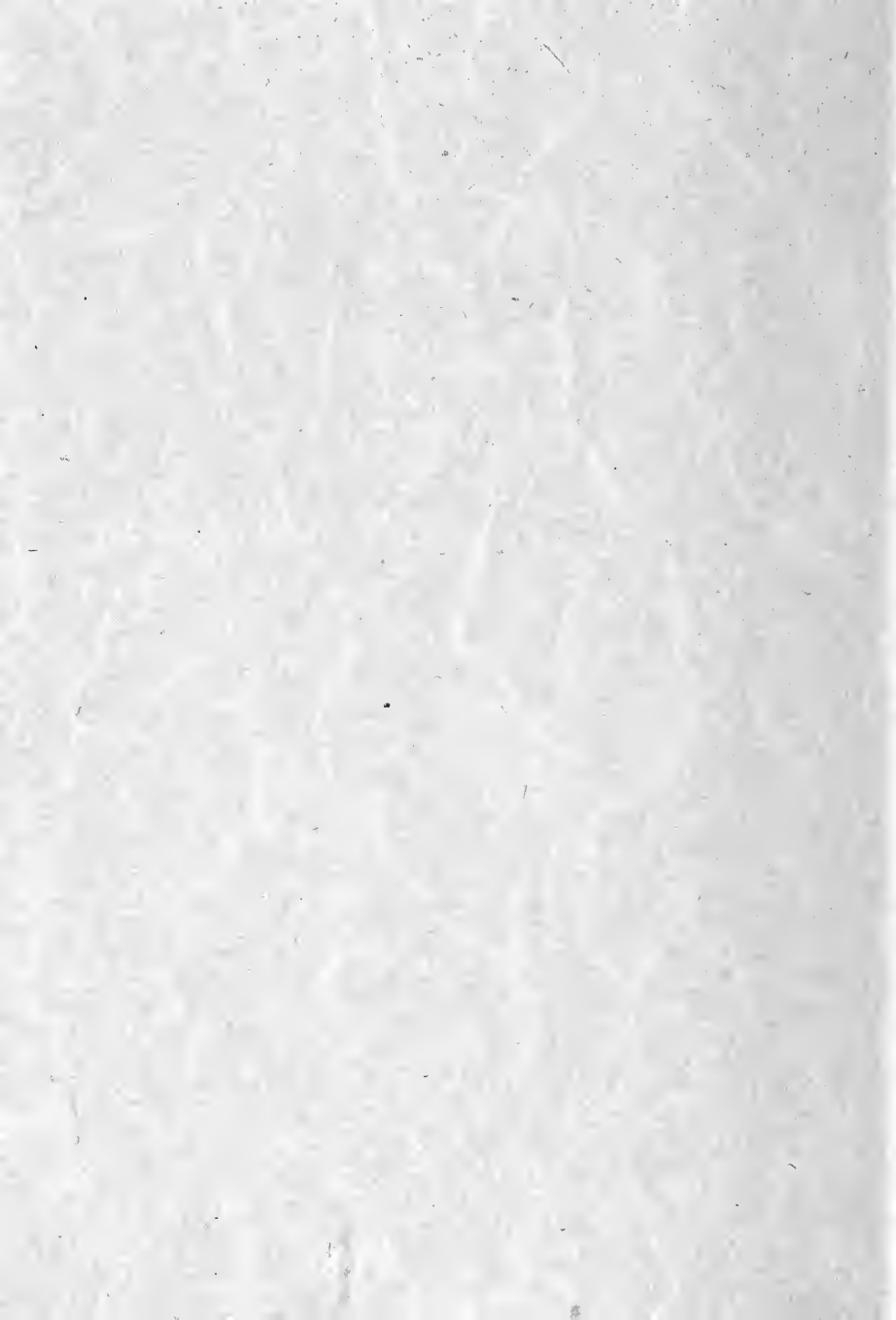






The Spirit Singing

By HENRY VICTOR MORGAN





*The
Spirit
Singing*

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BY HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

THE SPIRIT SINGING

AND

OTHER POEMS

By

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

Author of

“Songs of Victory”

“Soul Powers and Privileges”

“The Healing Christ”

Etc.



PUBLISHED BY
MASTER CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
3316 NO 31ST. TACOMA, WASHINGTON
PRICE 75c

14/6

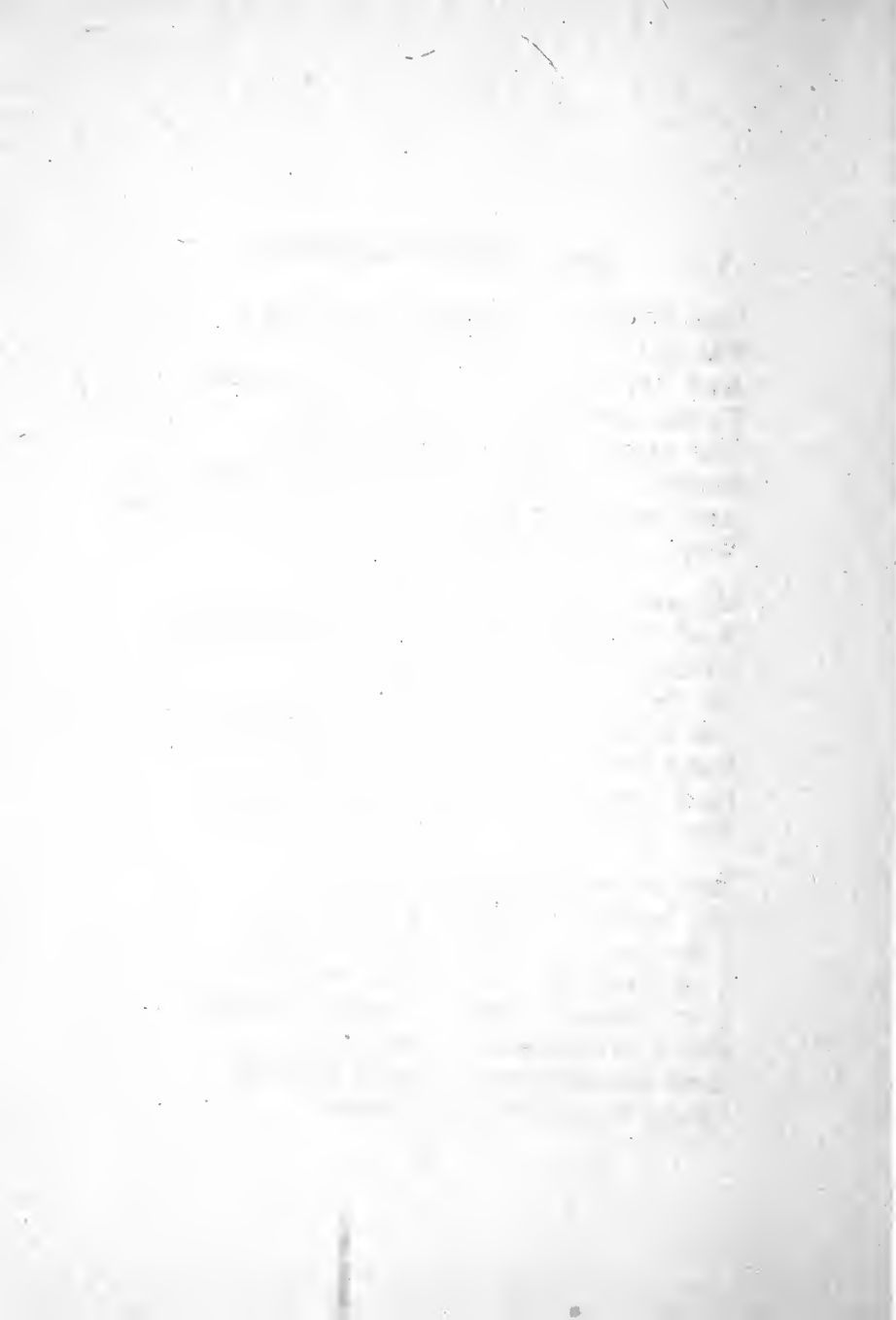
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THE SPIRIT SINGING

One evening I wandered musing
Far out by the ocean's shore
And listened with deathless sadness
To the sound of its sullen roar.
The ocean, that rolled incessant,
Seemed breathing heartbroken sighs,
And the spray which it dashed in madness
Were as tears from human eyes.

My own lost ideals mocked me
And the hopes of my youthful spring
Glided like ghosts beside me
On sleeping and soulless wing.
For I had dreamed in life's morning
Fond dreams of glorious worth,
Had labored with zeal and gladness
For the Kingdom of God on earth.

But all my hopes were broken,
My heart lay bleeding and bare,
I drifted a wreck on life's ocean,
I drifted—and cared not where.
For the earth was no longer golden,
But a level waste of pain,
And the rainbow of hope alluring
Could never be mine again.

No hell could be worse than to stand
In the midst of ideals slain,
To walk with a show of gladness
And the restless heart of Cain;
To feel, 'neath the smiling surface,
The misery at the core,
That the longing of men for heaven
Was to hell the open door.

Till I said in my anguish, driven,
"This earth-life's all in vain,"
When sudden from over the waters
There floated a wonderful strain—
The song of a soul rejoicing,
And I asked not the singer to see,
It seemed the Voice of the Spirit
Singing Love's song to me.

A song of man's soul, triumphant
O'er poverty, woe and pain,
And each pang my soul had suffered
Seemed a part of that heavenly strain.
I never can tell how it happened,
But my sorrows melted away
And the eyes of my soul were opened
To the light of a heavenly day.

Since that magical hour by the ocean,
Which I call the Soul's new birth,
I have walked with faith triumphant
Through the darkest vales of earth;

And whenever my way is darkened,
And my life seems full of pain,
It is then I can hear in accents clear
Some notes of that wonderful strain.

Oh, blest be the hour of vision
When the ears of the soul can hear
The music of choirs celestial,
As we walk with our loved ones here!
Fain, fain, would I write it down—
The message clear and ringing—
But my earth-born words cannot express
The Song of the Spirit Singing.

SUCCESS

I hold that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws;
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who, battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song,
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet,
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail—he is success.

MY ANCHOR HOLDS

Amid the whirling things of space
My soul has found a resting place;
The Power that ever forms and moulds
The universe, my faith upholds,
I rest content; my anchor holds.

Long, long I lived in dire suspense
Between the dual things of sense,
'Twixt form and substance, life and death,
The form of clay, the quickening breath;
Till from my soul a thread was wrought
Through earnest prayer and silent thought,
Then fearlessly myself I flung
The chaos sea of things among.

All things of life were now at stake,
What if the ductile thread should break?
Mine now the joy of faith's suspense
Not knowing whither, when, nor whence;
One thought alone to me was clear,
I can but sink; I will not fear!
Then strong as steel became the air,
My faith found anchor everywhere!

" 'Twas but a dream," I hear you say;
Perhaps! Perhaps! But from that day
In faith serene, I smile and say—
Amid the whirling things of space
My soul has found a resting place;
The Power that ever forms and moulds
The universe, my faith upholds;
I rest content; my anchor holds.

THE HILLS OF GOD

O Soul, rejoice! The Living One
Behind the seen your eyes may see;
Look upward to the Hills of God
Forget your sin and misery!
Remind Him not of wasted years,
The dreams of sense He can not know.
Behold His face, and while you look
Your darkest sins become as snow.

Look upward to the Hills of Faith
When clouds obscure the earthly way,
Whene'er we find our rest in God
The earth-born clouds pass swift away.
The reason why our way is dark,
The reason why our eyes are dim,
Too much we watch our erring feet,
Too little faith have we in Him.

Look upward to the Hills of Hope,
O hearts that bleed, O eyes that burn,
Whene'er your heart rests deep in God.
Behold your loved and lost return.
There is no death for those whose eyes
Look upward to God's glorious Hills;
Nor life nor death can separate
Hearts that the Father's presence fills.

FREEDOM

Think not, O man, that thou art free,
Because no prison walls detain
The freedom of thy will,
Nor armed sentry stands on guard
To curb thy liberty.
For thee the palace doors fly wide,
The gilded porter takes thy cloak
And menial servants bow their pride;
Thy wealth commands the church
And heaven's high-sent priests are dumb,
Nor dare to lift God's light
To show thee who thou art, nor speak
The sting thou feelest in thy heart.
Thou art not free, though armies at thy will
Compass the earth and sow red hate,
While kings and princes call thee great.
For thee the nameless Terror walks
And God's strong justice locks thee in
While outraged conscience talks.
Thou art not free till God's great love is thine
And then—no prison walls detain
Though armed guards surround,
Though sparkling bayonets gleam—
Thy risen soul is free
For thou hast Seen.

MOTHER

A word there is the Angels know
And speak to one another,
The Highest Name, the Holiest Love—
On earth we call it —Mother.

THE VISION OF LINCOLN

Whene'er some vested wrong seems right,
When error sits on Freedom's throne;
Whene'er Goliath armor-shod
Shall dare to challenge Heaven's own,
God sends some David to the field
The powers of darkness to dethrone.

Our Lincoln, reared among the woods,
From virgin soil had drawn its powers,
Untutored in the ways of kings
Had grown in silence as the flowers,
From nature learned the secret strength
Of storm-clouds and of darkened hours.

The powers of darkness, safely throned,
Laughed deep in scorn to see him come
In homely garb and ready wit,
With jest and laughter on his tongue,
They could not see the sword of flame
Hid deep beneath the coarse homespun.

He used the vision God had given
To set a race of bondmen free;
Not hate, but pitying love was given
To all who called him enemy,
And in the deepest, darkest hours
His soul drank deep from hidden powers.

Today above a world war-riven
Majestic-like his face I see,
His heart of strength and love sustaining
All those who work for liberty,
And smiles as one whose soul can see
A world United! Happy! Free!

IF THIS WERE ALL

My heart in a golden rapture
Was calm in the eventide,
As I rode through the golden sunset
With the love of my life beside.

The day had been full of blessing,
With the sweetness of work well done,
And before me was home and comfort
And the kiss of my little son.

The sun that had sunk from vision
Still crowned Tahoma's brow
With scarlet and pink and crimson,
Till I said, "'Tis heaven now."

Then sudden a sweet Voice whispered,
As soft as the moonbeam's call,
"O child, it were all illusion,
If that which you see were all."

THE HOPE OF THE DISPOSSESSED

"There comes to my ears," the Lord God said,
"From the earth a sound of woe;
Now, Gabriel, fly to the troubled earth,
On the wings of the morning, go!"

And the strong-winged angel earthward sped
And traveled the whole world o'er,
Then swift to the heavens again he rose
And stood God's throne before.

"Now tell me the cause," the Lord God said,
"Of the woe that I hear expressed?"
And the angel covered his face and said,
"'Tis the cry of the dispossessed.

As I neared the earth, on Your errand sent,
I saw the world blood-red,
In awful heaps Your children lay,
On the sad earth, cold and dead.

And I asked the wise of the earth, my Lord,
'What means this thing I see?'
And they blindly answered my quest and said,
'They died for democracy.'

But where is the thing for which they died?
And what has their shed blood brought?
Then the rulers of men, O Lord, were dumb,
And their cold lips answered naught.

Then I asked the workers of earth the same,
And they scarce could speak for pain,
But the answer came, 'For what we fought
Is lost in the strife for gain.

We gave our all, and our loved ones died
For the vision of earth made free
Till the tyrant fell, then back we came
To the same old misery.

No spot on earth can we call our own,
No hope our hearts to cheer,
Our backs are bent and our spirits rent
To fatten the profiteer.

But deep in our hearts there burns a fire
That never can be suppressed,
For we b'lieve that God is a righteous God
And the hope of the dispossessed!"

And the Lord God said, "My Spirit still
Lives deep in men's hearts, I see;
And they who would crush the weak will find
They are fighting even Me."



THE RAINBOW'S END

Long years ago, when but a child,
I heard the story told,
Could I but reach the Rainbow's End
I'd find a pot of gold.

With eager steps I often ran
To reach the golden lure,
But ever as I sped along
The rainbow sped before.

" 'Twas but a myth," I later said,
"That story I was told.
No mortal ever reached the end
Nor found the pot of gold."

Until one day, from glorious height
I saw the Rainbow's End,
Encircling in a golden glow,
The dear form of a friend.

But when unto my list'ning friend
My story I had told,
"Alas," he said, "I saw no bow,
Nor have I found the gold."

And looking in his laughing eyes,
To me this truth came clear,
We often fail to find our good
Because it lies too near.

Deep now I know the Rainbow's End
Rests o'er each human soul,
And wheresoe'er we walk in faith
We find God's pot of gold.

LOVE'S CHALLENGE

I send my Word, my wing-ed Word,
My Love-Clad Word of power,
O'er angry lands, thro' hostile fleets,
And poison-spitting tower.
I ask no truce, no allies seek,
I cry aloud for war!
To all the hell-bound hosts of hate
I cry aloud for war!
Say, are you blind, you boastful giants?
Your eyes with blood run red,
You think you live, you foolish ones,
Your hearts with hate are dead.
You cannot see my glittering sword,
Your eyes with blood run red,
I could not slay you if I would,
Your hearts with hate are dead.

The Voice says: "Prophecy to them,
These seeming living dead,"
The Voice says: "Prophecy to them,
Whose hearts with hate are dead."
The Voice says: "Prophecy and say,
O blind and dead, rejoice,
You died because you fought 'gainst Me,
You died because you could not see,
(Grim death was in your choice.)"
I bathe with Love your hate-filled eyes,
I breathe thro' brain Love's power,
I pierce your heart with Love's sharp sword,
I cry aloud for war!
The earth is rising toward the Dawn,
I call you to Love's war!

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Within my Father's house so long,
A beggar asking alms, I stood,
Weak, knocking at each untried door,
My body worn with pain, so sore!
Nor knew the Father's all was mine
Forever—evermore.

But now the Light—O God, so great,
In trembling love I hesitate—
Too great the glory seems, too good,
The Father's love is understood,
And all He hath is mine.

Within my Father's house I stand;
I see His ways! I feel His hand!
And learn, through faith, to understand
The wondrous meaning of the plan
Through which God lives His life in man.

Within my Father's house—a King—
Through faith, His law of Love I sing.
No longer alms of men I need,
No more the unlocked doors are tried;
I know my needs are all supplied,
Love's law I heed.

With Him today I walk in peace,
And if I pray, 'tis not to beg
Life's trials to cease.
But knowing that His ways are just,
I meet each trial on the way
In love, in trust.

THE SONG OF LIFE

(Suggested by a visit to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the resting place of Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Channing and Phillips Brooks.)

I stand within the sacred walls
Where dwell the Living Dead,
And muse in dreamy solitude
Upon the words they said.

The busy city lies behind
Where men in blinding strife
Beat out their days in restless haste
And call such living Life.

The kings of finance and the mob
Mad with the lust for things,
I envy not. Let me today
Live with God's chosen kings.

God's chosen kings, who cannot die;
They rest beneath this sod,
The winds are vibrant with their thought
These men who walked with God.

I cannot think of death today,
Their world is green and young;
And every living blade of grass
Seems but an uttering tongue.

Here Minnehaha seems to sing
Her wild sad song anew
While on the air the Nautilus
Spreads wondrous wings to view.

The stirring words of Sir Launfal,
The prayer of Agassiz,
And Brooks' and Channing's Song of Faith
Blend in sweet harmony.

I listen to the Inner Voice
Too deep for thought or sound,
I cannot speak, I only know
This spot is holy ground.

The Living Dead! I hear them say:
"Back to earth's care and strife."
And strong in faith I turn away
To sing the Song of Life.

OUR DAILY PRAYER

Our Father, who in heaven art,
Thy name shall hallowed be,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Till earth with heaven agree.

The bread of life for all our needs
In fullness Thou dost give,
And teachest us by Thy great love
Our brothers to forgive.

And when our feet in error stray,
Thy love will swift restore.
Thy Kingdom, Power and Glory, Lord,
Oh, give us evermore.

Amen.

HIS FACE

I do not ask God's face to see—
Enough His garment now for me.
The sunset clouds with love aglow
I watch, I dream, deep, deep I know
Behind the cloud a Glory stands—
At times I see the Painter's hands,
Across the heavens a glory trace.
I rest content—I wait in peace;
Love knows when I have inward grace
I then shall see and know His Face.

THE HOPE ETERNAL

Light of the endless ages,
Truth that alone makes free,
Star of the Wise men drawing
My heart to the heart of Thee.

Fire from Celestial Altars
That burns but the dross away,
Gold from the garnered ages,
Faith that abides alway.

Prisoned in Hope expectant,
Yet by my love made free,
Babe in heart's manger sleeping,
Christ that is yet to be.

“NOT ME!”

My baby boy is scarcely three,
And yet so very wise is he,
Whate'er suits not his majesty
He simply says to it, “Not Me-e!”

Sometimes so full of pranks is he
My neighbor spansks him laughingly;
Swift comes my darling home to me,
“Bad man spank rompers, Dad, Not Me-e!”

Deep marks of dirt on kitchen floor,
Show Murray's been in mud galore,
Dear Auntie points and says, “Now see!”
“Bad dirty shoes,” he says, “Not Me-e!”

He comes with bump on little brow
For Daddy's kiss. I say, “See now,
Our baby's hurt, O Mama see!”
“'Twas Murray's head,” he says, “Not Me-e!”

I believe the cares of life would flee
If we with his wise eyes could see,
And say to all the ills that be,
“You touch the outer man, Not Me!”

GREETINGS

May the angel's song in your soul be heard
And the Christ be born anew,
May the lilies of peace around you spring;
This is my wish for you.

ON EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN

One Law alone, one Power divine
Holds suns and planets in control,
The diverse atoms own its sway
And round into a perfect whole.

Where'er we look, whate'er we see
Within, without, beneath, above,
Is held together by a Power
We ne'er can see, but call it Love.

Who simply live for selfish ends,
Will hear Love's voice where'er they go,
They cannot rise beyond its heights
Nor sink its wondrous depths below.

All laws are blended into one,
On earth beneath, in heaven above,
Earth's dearest words, "I love you so,"
The angels answer, "God is Love."

LIFE'S MAGIC STAFF

Peace, Power and Plenty,
Words that are heaven-born.
Say them, ye hearts that are weary
Till hope in your soul is born.
For words are things that will lift on wings
The one who believes them true,
And whatever you will when the mind is still
You may call to the soul of you.

THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH

I cannot count my wealth by gold
Nor name the things I own,
The riches of the earth are mine,
I reap where Love has sown.

The wind brings messages of peace,
The stars of night aglow
Seem like the souls I knew and loved
Long centuries ago.

The baubles that the world calls great
Become of little worth;
'Tis when I give them up I am
The richest man on earth.

All things are mine, I would not claim
One single thing apart;
'Tis when I share my good with all
I reach to Love's own heart.

'Tis vain, Dear Heart, to try to tell
In words how much I'm worth.
'Tis when I love as God I am
The richest man on earth.



MOTHERHOOD

Madonna, Mother of the Christ,
Before I lift my voice to sing
Of Love that leads to victory,
One offering to thee I bring.
In joy I now approach thy throne
Not mortal-built of stone or wood,
But founded in the hearts of men,
The spotless throne of Motherhood.

Thou bendest still o'er every child
In tender pitying mother care,
And where thy children toil in pain
O Mother-love thou still art there.
And every woman knows thy name,
And thy deep voice is understood,
When through her being thrills the thrill
That tells of coming motherhood.

O haste the day when full of joy
They too, like thee, in that great hour
Shall bless the God of Life who gives
To them alone on earth the power
To usher in the Prince of Peace,
The hope of ages undefiled,
The holy one from Heaven come down
Once more to earth—a little child.

Then shall the deserts bloom anew,
And heaven and earth be one indeed,
The reign of Love o'er all proclaimed
And man from every sorrow freed.

Then shall the Eden come to stay
And man and woman glad and free,
Shall walk together unafraid,
Redeemed, O Mother-love, through thee.

Madonnas, mothers of the Christs,
The countless Christs that are to be,
To you I bring this song of love,
The fond child of my minstrelsy;
You are the gates of life and death,
'Tis yours the human race to free,
To bring to earth the Age of Peace,
Fulfillment of all prophesy.

THE MYSTIC EASTER

Doubt not, O Soul, that one great day
God's mighty Son brought life to clay,
When every blade above the sod
Reveals the quickening life of God,
And spring winds woo with fragrant breath
Such wondrous life from last year's death.

The power that raised Him! May it be
O Soul, the Life of life to thee.
Let Love fill full this house of clay,
Let Faith roll every stone away,
Let Spirit reign, let flesh obey.
This is the Life, the Truth, the Way,
This is thy Mystic Easter day.

A MAN GOD-SIZE

From out of this state of strife and hate,
From out of earth's noise and fuss,
There will yet arise a man God-size
Who will stand for the whole of us.

Our ears are sore with the noise and roar
Of the partialist's rant and fuss,
Who stands for his class and not for the mass,
For the whole big bunch of us.

In childhood's day we were taught to pray
To One who was Father to all,
Who strengthened the weak, protected the meek,
And noticed the sparrow's fall.

We were told of a Man, a wonderful Man,
The greatest this earth e'er trod,
Who told each man whatever his clan
To measure himself with God.

So we wait today and deeply pray
In the midst of earth's noise and fuss,
For a man to arise, in Love God-size,
In the heart of each one of us.



THE HEALING CHRIST

The Healing Christ! He stands today
Within a world with anguish red,
Within a world with sorrow gray.
The Healing Christ! I hear him say:
"What means this orgy of the dead?
Was it for this I lived and bled?
Have ye not seen, have ye not heard,
When Peter, fierce and anger-stirred,
To save me from impending fate,
Would use the weapon forged with hate,
Have ye not heard my living word?
Did I not say: 'Put up the sword?'" "

'Twas not a dream; my soul did hear
These living words in accents clear.
I lowly turned to him and said:
"I know, dear Lord, the cross was bliss
To thy great soul compared to this.
But know, O Christ, that hearts aflame
With thine own love, still call thy name
And pray alike for friend and foe
Across this tide of sin and woe,
That all thy healing love may know."

Then deep I heard the dear Lord say:
"Such only have the right to pray;
To such I call in this great hour
To save the world from error's power,
To heal the wounds that hate has riven
And bring to earth the dream of heaven."

September, 1917

THE SONG OF SONGS

Singer, there's a song unsung,
Singer, there's a song for you,
Fresh as when the world was young
Ere the first great singer drew
From the chaos of his mind
Music fresh with heaven's dew;
In that Source from which he drew
Singer, there's a song for you.

Singer, there's a song for you
Where the men of science meet;
Letters from the Heart of God
In the dust beneath your feet;
In the mire and scum of things
You shall find your beauty theme,
'Mid the sordor and the filth
You shall see Love's rainbow gleam.

On the fields where nations reel,
Blinded by hate's glowing rage,
You shall sing a song of peace
That will all their hearts engage.
There's a song that you will sing
Loud the cannons' roar above
That will pierce the souls of steel,
Melt the hearts of hate with love.

Not for you the lilting rhyme—
Daisies white, and violets blue,
Leave these for the lesser bards—
There's a loftier song for you.

Singer, there's a loftier song
Than the song which Nature sings,
Songs from out the soul of man,
Where God's angels sweep the strings.

Yours to set the inner life
Of the Soul before our eyes;
Lift us with a song of Faith
To the gates of Paradise.
'Neath the robes of Nature, you
Shall discern where He has trod—
Winder of the circuits, you
Shall discern the living God.

Yours to reach the garment hem
Of the Watcher of the Night,
Hold God's mirror up to men—
Show us earth in heaven's light;
You shall feel the Heart of Love
Throbbing 'neath all human wrongs,
When you reach the Heart of hearts
Then you'll sing the Song of Songs.

THE WISE MEN

May the Wise Men lead your heart, my dear,
Where the Christ is born anew;
May Love's kingdom come,
And God's will be done,
In the depths of the soul of you.

UNCONQUERED FAITH

They move me not, these things of sense—
I walk with joy where tempests blow
Since faith unsealed my inner sight,
And it was given me to know
That God is the storm and He
Sends only what is good for me.

I do not doubt, I question not,
Nor for the future do I pray,
But reach strong hands of loving faith
And trust the Stream that knows its way.
God leaves me not alone, but He
Speaks from the storm and strengthens me.

Some day my bark will reach the brink
Where darkness seems the only goal.
Can I not leap within the night
To meet my Captain soul to soul?
The Lord of Light will surely me
Within the vale to comfort me.

I BELIEVE

I believe that Life deals out to every man
The hand he needs must play;
That he is wise who murmurs not,
Nor shows the hand life deals,
But plays his equal part
And bears in love each cross.
I believe that loss and cross well born
Are pinions strong to lift to victory's heights.

MY WISH FOR YOU

What could I wish you more, dear friend,
Upon this Christmas morn,
Than that within your heart each day
The Christ of Love be born?
That you may walk with courage strong,
Though clouds hide heaven's blue,
And reach a hand to those less brave,
Their courage to renew;
That wheresoe'er your footsteps lead,
The flowers of hope may spring,
And in the hour when flesh seems weak
Hear God's strong angels sing;
That you may be a light to all,
One whom God's light shines through:
Then all Love's kingdom shall be thine—
This is my wish for you.

ATTAINMENT

I am content: no more I dream
Of ships that sail on distant sea;
No more I wait with longing heart
For what is mine to come to me.

Too long I in the future lived,
And dreamed of things that were to be,
Untasted left the present good,
But said, "Mine own will come to me."

Unveiled at last my holden eyes,
I saw the present glory shine,
And knew the universe was filled
With good that was already mine.

Since that glad hour I sail serene
On what before was troubled sea,
And bless each wind, howe'er it blows,
Since it but brings mine own to me.

And is this faith? I do not know—
I know it smooths life's troubled way
And brings all things for which I sighed
Within the kingdom of Today.

VICTORY

I sing of victory, from the deep
Of broken years and sore defeat;
From out the bitter fires of pain
I chant the victor's conquering strain;

For he who seeks to win the prize
Must hope till even courage dies;
And trust, though beaten to the dust,
That Truth will win when hope is lost.

This, then, is Victory—to know,
Though crushed beneath the foeman's blow,
That every throb of mortal woe
Brings God to face the conquering foe.

BE STILL AND KNOW

O weary storm-tossed soul,
 Be still—
The Master speaks! canst thou but say
 “I will,”
Then all the adverse winds obey
Thy Word of Might—
And lo! from out of chaos' darkest night
Will come obedient
To Thy still small Voice, the power
Of courage born, and strong desire,
Clothed with the mantle of celestial fire
That burns the dross of helplessness away.
Then thou canst say, “Be still!”
To all the winds that blow,
And in thy deepest being know
The Mighty God stands pledged
To make it so.
O Soul, be still—
And know
Thy Mighty God stands pledged
To make it so.

INSCRIBED IN EMERSON'S POEMS

The wisdom of ten thousand years
Is in each throbbing line.
On every page the Deity,
Which words can ne'er define,
Speaks to the heart's deep memory
Of That which outlives Time.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

An angel there dwelt in a form of clay,
In a form as fair as the gods have made;
But the angel slept, and she knew it not,
While they who were wise in silence prayed
That a quickening power might yet be given
To wake the guest by the maid forgot
And change her earth to a dream of heaven.

But the maid still traveled the beaten way
That leads to the heights that men call fame,
But the gods wept deep o'er the soul forgot
For the gods see not as men the same,
Nor heed they the noise of the world's acclaim;
For they know that the way to life is not
By the shining roads of wealth and fame.

Then the sorrows came and the way grew dark,
And the maid wept sore in her grief alone,
And the gods were glad when they saw her weep,
Tho' their hearts seemed hard as hearts of stone;
But the angel stirred by sorrow's stings
Awoke in that hour from its earthly sleep,
And lifted the maid on living wings.

Today she sails in a magic bark
O'er a sea of mingled fire and pain,
But the pains of the world they touch her not
And never can touch the soul again;
While the hours of pain seem a magic strain,
And wealth and fame but dreams forgot,
Since the hour of the Soul's Awakening.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE

O Soul, be still, be strong, have hope.
The stars within thy horoscope
Will answer to thy sovereign will
When thou canst bid thy mind be still.
The Power that framed each heavenly world,
And on their course the planets hurled
Is thine to use. Be still and know
The mighty God ordained it so,
That every star in heaven above
Is subject to the Law of Love.
Blame not the heavens for thine ill,
It lies within thine unused will;
Within thy soul is power to know
Dominion o'er the starlit show;
Then listen deep and thou wilt hear
God's wondrous footsteps drawing near
And feel thy heart again grow strong;
O Soul, be still, O tarry long
In silence brooding o'er the deep
Where God's strong angels vigils keep,
And hear them say: "Let faith and hope
Work out for thee Love's Horoscope."



THE MASTER OF FATE

Today on the heights I stand
Above the sea of thought
And look o'er the changing drift
At the baubles for which men fought—
That slip through their clinging hands
And ever remain uncaught.

Unchained through the drift of years
They float o'er the surface clear
And forever warm hands reach out
As the illusions of life draw near;
Till the weary hands sink deep
And the eager new appear.

The eyes of my soul see clear
That the reaching hands were mine
Through the countless ages past
Till I reached the Thought Divine;
Now I laugh at the dream of loss
Since the Gleam of the Whole is mine.

Today on the heights I stand
Where God's winds sing lullaby,
And no more I reach for the gleam
Of the baubles for which men die—
For I reach to the heart of God
And Master of Fate am I.

THE SECRET FOUNT

From out of the soul of the woman I love
There floweth a stream to me,
That lightens the load of the burden I bear
And lifts me on wings of the free.
For the soul of the woman I love is strong
And silent and deep as the sea.
I stand in the sun on the heights above
And men sing their praises to me;
But little they know of the fountain of strength
To which in my need I flee!
For what is their praise when I know in my soul
She waiteth alone for me;
And the deep of her eyes will look into the depths
Where no other eyes can see.

O soul of my soul, in your silent depths
Is the strength men praise in me,
To the deep of your soul I come for help
As the stream urges on to the sea;
For the stream could not flash in the sun, my love,
Were it not for the strength of the sea,
Nor could I work on the heights above
Were your strength not under me.
And I call to earth's sons, my love, my love,
To praise not my work, but thee;
And I call to the angels above, my love,
To wait on still wings and see—
For even the angels might learn, my love,
The secret of strength from thee.

WINGS

A mystic worm, one summer day,
A worm that dreamed mid creeping things,
Was known to stop upon its way
And say, "I wish that I had wings."

Then all the worms that nearby lay
Laughed long and loud—poor silly things!—
And cried, "Put all such dreams away;
You're but a worm—you'll ne'er have wings."

And one grave worm more wise than all,
(Doctor of Worm Philosophy)
Shook his wise head and said, "I call
This talk of wings rank heresy."

But still the dreamer dreamed his dreams;
Whene'er he looked at flying things
He crept more fast, and said, "It seems
I'll fly like that when I have wings."

One day he felt so chill and numb,
His body pierced with deadly stings;
But dreaming still, e'er death was come,
Said, "Surely this will bring me wings."

Today I saw on wings of fire
This occult dreamer of the dust,
And as it circled glad in air
There came to me this living trust:

That every dream and fond desire,
These longings strange for better things,
Are not in vain: sometime, somewhere,
These dreams of ours will end in wings.

THE YOGI'S VISION

The Yogi dreamed—was it a dream?—
About all nature's Causeless Cause,
The seeming calling itself Real,
The Real on sleeping wings
Undreamed, unknown.

And, as he dreamed, shapes of all imaging there
came—
Beast, bird and things unclean for him to name—
And he, beholding all, uncertain stood
Until a voice within his soul pronounced the Magic
Name of Good;
Then at that name all things unclean spread wings
of light,
Laved in the cleansing flood.

Then said the Tempter's voice, "If Brahm is good,
and all is good, leap thou within the night."
On awful height the Yogi stood and looked within
the depth.
Ten million leagues he looked, then laughed and
leaped into the night;
And Brahm was there as Light.

The waters came—before his eyes the waters piled,
Until the mountain height was reached,
And all but he were drowned.
The Yogi laughed and leaped into the flood,
As leaps a child when mother's arms are found—
And Brahm was solid ground.

Once more with fervent heat the earth was swept;
Nearer, more near, the fiery monster came,
The mountains melting and the seas aflame—
The Yogi laughed and leaped into its depth,
Naming the magic Name,
And Brahm was known as Flame.

The Yogi woke and played the game called Life,
Walking the ways of men—
Oft lost amid the shadows,
Calling at times the shadows, Real—
Yet never lost from out his soul the Vision of the
Deep—the Flood—the Flame,
But stilled Earth's sorrows when the billows rolled
By mention of the Name—the Name, the Ineffable
Name!

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Stern is the Law I bring to you
Yet charged with blessing through and
through!

'Twill lift to heaven or sink to hell;
It will defeat or victory spell;
Your path with thorns or roses strew;
Which shall it be? It rests with you!

This is the Law! All thoughts you send
To those who call you foe or friend,
(Like Noah's dove, o'er waters blue)
Will go, swift-winged, and never rest,
Until they come with increase blest,
And bring their likeness back to you.

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

I entered the Valley of Pain.
Sorrow and anguish were there,
Sad voices lamenting.
Here the inhabitants called themselves
The earth-accursed of the Lord,
And their home the Valley of the Gate to Hell.
Looked they with wild eyes for avenues of escape,
And longed to dwell in the fair fields
Where live the earth-sons strong.
Long dwelt I in this Valley
And walked with aching heart its thorny paths,
Feet bleeding, despair taking deep hold,
Till life seemed worse than death,
And Hell than Pain preferred.
Then prayed I that the demon of Pain
Might come to me that I my hate might speak—
Then die.

That night a vision of great beauty came
And a voice than all the music of the earth more
sweet
Spake, saying: "I have come. Speak!"
But loud in agony I cried: "Depart,
Thou vision of beauty and light,
From out this Vale accursed!
Beauty and love belong not here—
Here dwell the earth-accursed of the Lord."
Strangely, sweetly, smiled the vision,
And answered calm: "I am the Spirit of Pain.

To guard and keep this Valley
Has been assigned me by the Lord,
And to my keeping oft are sent
The Father's best beloved
Here to be prepared, though as by fire,
To enter their dominion grand.
They who in patience pass my fires,
And learn my lessons long,
Shall rule the kingdoms of the world;
Safely shall they handle scorpions
And no evil thing shall harm."

Beauteous was the vision and my soul cried:
"Tarry with me, for now that I have seen thy face,
I love!"

The vision vanished, speaking thus:
"Thou art free. Life's great lesson
Is to learn to love.
They who love Pain have their dominion gained.
Rise and walk!"
Then I awoke—but Pain was not.

YOUR HAPPINESS FLOWER

This is my wish
That your happiness flower
May bloom the whole year through,
And every hour be a Happiness Flower
With Christ in the heart of you.

THE MAPLE AND THE CHILD

"Come, listen to me," said the maple,
"O child, come and listen to me!
And I will tell you a story
Of the life that is hid in a tree.

"Long years I slept in the bosom
Of the Heart that is heart of us all,
Till deep from the earth's heaving bosom
I heard such a sorrowing call.

"That I said to the Life Spirit, 'Send me
Some lesson I'm needed to teach.'
And he said, 'Hasten forth on thy mission
And grow there in silence and preach.'

"And I sped forth, not knowing whither,
Till I came, as a seed, in the snow.
'Twas so cold, but the life was within me
And I knew in good time I would grow.

"And the spring winds blew softly upon me
Till I lifted my head to the skies;
And the stars kept watch ever o'er me
And they seemed as the Spirits' bright eyes.

"Then the cold winter storms blew upon me,
And I cared not but laughed 'neath the sod;
For I felt all life's currents within me,
As I garnered the vintage of God.

“So long I have witnessed Earth’s sorrows,
And deep in the silence I preach—
But the ears of Earth’s children are holden,
And they heed not the lesson I teach.

“But, listen, O child! to my message,
And learn life’s lesson from me.
When tossed on life’s billows, oh, hasten
To the Voice that you hear in the tree.

“For I gather from out of life’s tempests
The sweetness I give unto thee.
O, listen, my child, in the silence—
For God has a Voice in each tree.”

* * *

Ah, that was a dream of life’s morning
When I listened to God in the tree,
And now? Why, still I believe it,
But deeper the message to me.
Have you lost from your soul, O my brother,
The quietness learned in the wood?
Or lived with a tree as a brother
Till your soul and its soul understood?

Then hasten from out of earth’s noises,
Forget what you learned in the street,
Grasp solitude deep to your bosom
Till your soul with the tree-soul can meet.
The wisdom of scholars will perish,
Earth’s languages all pass away,
But the wisdom that speaks in the forest
Forever is fresh as the day.

How often in life's weary battle
When the tide seemed running all wrong,
I have gone to the forest refreshing
And felt life's currents grow strong;
As, deep, all the roots of my being
Sank sweet in the bosom of Love,
And my soul heard the hush of the silence
The voice of the forest above.

GOD REIGNS

I asked the Voice what shall I write
Mid Sorrow's reign, when all are sad,
And deep the Inner Voice replied:
 "Be Glad."

What shall I sing this Christmas-tide,
In face of hate and war's increase.
Again the Inner Voice replied:
 "Sing Peace."

What shall I say to those who seek
Spite blinding doubt to know God's will,
The sweet Voice answered, say to such:
 "Be Still."

What word of Hope for those who weep
O'er empty chairs, Love's broken chains,
Deep came the answer from the Deep,
 "God reigns."

December, 1917

WISHIN'

Every day I'm wishin'
Lots o' things for you,
Soft sweet winds caressin',
Diamonds in the dew.

Flowers around you springin',
Friends to make you glad,
Hear Love's angels singin'
When your heart is sad.

'Taint no use o' talkin'
Wishes do come true,
Once I wished a blessin'
And God sent me you.

SUNSET

Sunset and golden glow,
The peace of a soul at rest;
Life's clouds afire with the artist's touch
And the glory of love expressed.

Sunset on earth, and peace—
Day's hour most blest;
Peace on the silent sea,
Sunset—and rest.

Sunset on earth, my dear,
In love God-given;
Sunset on earth, and peace—
Sunrise in Heaven.

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN

I know, dear heart, you still can lead
To heights I have not strength to climb.
I feel the thrill, I catch the gleam,
And know your love unchanged by time.

You are not dead—love cannot die;
Our earthborn eyes alone are blind.
I reach through death, by faith made wise,
And find you present to the mind.

Perhaps 'tis yours, from heights above,
To lift my earth-song to the skies;
I know of faith and love, dear heart,
Because your great love underlies.

And as the eagle in its flight
Is held by the embracing air,
So when I reach the heights I dream,
I'll find your love has brought me there.

INSCRIBED IN WALT WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS"

Within this book a treasure lies,
And they who seek with earnest eyes and open
mind
Will see beneath the ebb and flow of seeming chaos
—order grow;
Forms here take shape, and unclean things
Are lifted, as the singer sings,
To higher realms and purer air,
Till God seems breathing everywhere.

THE ETERNAL SANTA

I still believe in Santa Claus!
Though years and years have flown,
Whene'er the Christmas-tide comes round
I find I have not grown.

I still believe in Santa Claus,
More now than when a child;
Whene'er I see the Christmas toys
My heart with joy beats wild.

You tell me now that I am grown
'Tis time for wiser things;
I grant it all, and yet child-like
I wait for what Love brings.

And though I play the grown-up game
And own my hair is gray,
I believe there is a Soul of Good
That passes not away.

Do you believe in Santa Claus?
Of course, of course, you do!
Faith, Hope and Love! These still abide
In that big heart of you.



LOVE'S CONQUEST

I do not fear what man can do;
In faith I stand serene
Above the clouds of sin and death
As one whose soul has seen
The living hosts of God encamped
Love's own and harm between.

In faith I stand where fear is not,
Upon the side of Love,
And when the hosts of hate prevail
I hear a Voice above
The jarring notes of sin and death
That whispers, "God is Love."

Was it a dream—the hosts of sin
And jarring notes I heard?
I list again and list in vain,
My heart with joy is stirred!
'Twas but a dream; there is no fear!
Love is the only word!

SUNSHINE

Outside the rain is falling down
Inside the sun is shining,
The light of heaven fills our home,
Our baby boy is smiling.

The light from out his baby eyes
Dispels all cares, beguiling,
I seem to hear the angels sing,
Our baby boy is smiling.

THE VISION OF TAHOMA*

'Twas a glorious golden dawning
Of a bright December morning,
When the good ship, the Tacoma,
Bore me o'er the water's bosom,
'Twixt the cities, magic risen
Through the Saxon's love of gaining.
Building cities, building prisons,
Writing books of foolish learning,
Yet the soul within him yearning
For the deeper realms of knowing;
Seeking for the word unspoken,
Smiling though his heart be broken
At the mockery of knowing
Only that which leads him captive—
Dreaming still of peace unbroken.

* * *

Spite of all our boasted progress,
Spite of all our great inventions,
Spite of all who preach unto us
That the age in which we live is
Best of all that ever has been
Who will say that man is happy?
Did not Goethe turn to magic
For a draught to quench heart's longing,
And Walt Whitman look with envy
On the quiet cattle grazing,
Laved in nature's great contentment,
Undisturbed by dreams of progress,
Round a circle never ending?

*Tahoma was the Indian name for the mountain now known as Tacoma-Rainier, and was worshiped by the Indians as God.

“Whither leads this dream of progress?”
Said I to my soul in silence.

“Are we wiser than the redmen
Who went drifting o’er these waters
Ere the white man’s horn resounded
In the stillness of their forest?
Have we greater strength of body,
Are our children better fitted
For life’s battles that await them?”

• • •

Thus I pondered in the silence,
And my eyes were deeply gazing
On the men who journeyed with me.
Need I draw the veil and show you
What your eyes reveal unto you
Where the sons of men do gather?
Statesmen, artists, men of letters,
Kings of finance, social leaders!
God, is this Thine image sleeping,
City-builder, though we call him?
God, are we Thy finished product?
Are we then Thy Word’s fulfillment?
And a shudder, most of pity—
Caused my eyes to seek the waters
And I prayed for deeper knowing.

• • •

“Spirit of the world primeval,
In whose depths are all recorded
Wisdom from the ages hoarded—
Be to me both guide and helper,
Truth and inspiration give me.
Lift for me the magic curtain;

Once again the eyes of redmen,
Keen of sight and wonderladen,
Heart of hunter o'er the mountain,
Soul of nature's children, give me!
Spirit of the vanished races,
People once again the places;
Let their thought again be spoken
Till my eyes behold unbroken
By the mists of human knowing
All the subtle charm they gave Thee.
Let the pine-tree speak within me,
Let the mountain-god uphold me,
May the thunder-bird her pinion
Lend me till my soul has risen
Free from whiteman's binding prison
To the God in nature speaking."

* * *

While I prayed thus, musing, dreaming
Of the redman's deeper meaning,
Was it dream or was it answer?
Suddenly a phantom figure,
Strange of guise, stood there before me.
Not a word of counsel gave he,
But a look of taunting pity
At the dwarfed child of the city
Praying for the redman's vision!
Then his eyes turned to Tahoma.

* * *

Was it with his eyes I saw it,
Sunrise on the silent mountain,
Golden-robed in silent wonder,
Barren now and cold no longer

Seeming as life's flowing fountain,
In the warm arms of her lover.
Guardian watcher of the west—
Mountain of the flowing breast,
Feeding rivers for thy valleys
That shall feed thy pale-faced children
Who no longer call thee "Mother,"
Having lost that sense of wonder,
Boasting in their erudition
They are free from superstition.
Wiser far their red-faced brothers
Who of old thy forests trod,
Gazed enraptured, lost in wonder,
Bowed in reverence, called thee God.

* * *

There are those who tell unto us
That the highest thought of God is
Never found through love nor duty,
But is given only to us
When the soul is lost in beauty.

* * *

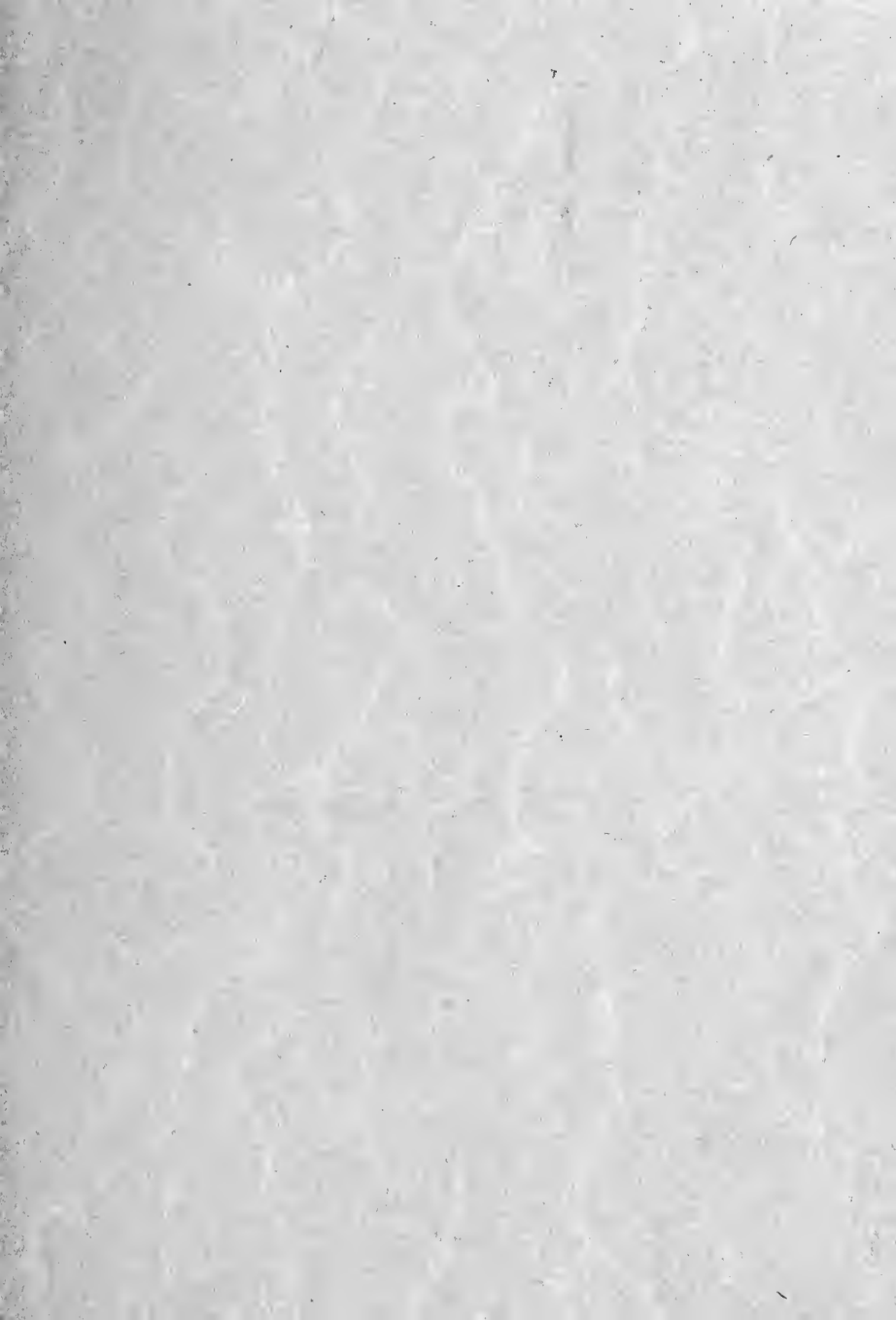
Wondrous mountain, clothed in sunrise,
Did my spirit blend with thine?
Deeper than to heart of redmen
Did I hear thy voice sublime?
Spirit of the mighty mountain,
Was it then thy voice to me,
Voice of God's eternity?
Be it fact or be it fancy,
Since that morning, beauty stirred,
Never gaze I on Tahoma
But there comes some living word.

* * *

On our journey through the unknown,
There are moments heaven given,
When, the soul with nature blending,
We are lifted from sense prison,
And the ages seem as shadows.
All that has been stands before us,
All that will be present to us,
Every bush with God is burning,
Every wind a message bringing,
Every mountain chanting, singing
Of the purpose of the ages,
Writ on nature's throbbing pages;
And the souls that have beheld it
Know of things that are divine—
Prophets, seers, poets, sages,
Speaking words that outlast time.



Seeking soul, be still and listen!
Cease your struggles fierce and wild;
He who reaches heights celestial
Cometh as a little child.
By this token ye shall know them,
Every honor they disown,
Careless they of fame or fortune,
Since the Truth of Life is known.
Childlike faith and simple trusting
Bring us to that secret place
Where our spirits rapt, beholding,
See the Father face to face.



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